



CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 27,
1947
No 1501

EVERY TUESDAY

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

PRICE THREEPENCE

A TALE THEY TELL ON PITCAIRN

Long-Boats' Mighty Battle With Raging Seas

NEAR where the mutineers of the famous *Bounty* went ashore in 1790 their descendants, the Pitcairn Islanders of today, have come through one of the most exciting exploits in the island's romantic history. Tiny Pitcairn is in the South Pacific, midway between New Zealand and Peru. It is well away from the regular steamship routes, and so detailed news of the island is often long in reaching the outside world.

The Pitcairn postmaster, Mr Roy Clark, has now told the full story of the grim day last May when it looked as if the dreaded surf which invades the tiny landing-place of the island had claimed the lives of a group of Pitcairn men while their wives and families watched helplessly from the shore.

The exciting hours began, as nearly all great events on Pitcairn do, with the shout of "Sail O." That call round the island settlements is always a signal for the hasty preparation of mail and the launching of the long-boats to pull out to the passing ship. Pitcairn's remote isolation and lack of communications make a passing ship the rarest of sights. It is an event to be marked with a red letter in the island records, for a ship usually means extra supplies of food, sugar, tobacco, and tea. Every Pitcairner will run a risk to get out to a passing ship.

Visiting the Visitor

On this May afternoon the surf was boiling furiously at the landing-place, and the harbour passage was wild with massive breakers. Could a boat get through and would it live in such a sea? That was the question anxiously debated as the men held the boat at the beach. Jumping in, they rowed hard for the harbour mouth and pulled through to safety and the open sea. Towards dusk the steamer was heard blowing its departing whistle, and the men pulled homewards.

The seas by this time, reports Pitcairn's postmaster, were tremendous. Heavy combers pounded the shore and surged in through the passage. The long-boat was hindered for some time by the steadily oncoming seas before an attempt was made to pull through the narrow opening into the harbour. But at last one of the crew shouted, "Pull ahead!" Every man strained to the utmost, the boat darted forward with great speed.

Too Late!

It was too late! Two large waves rose high behind them. The first doubled over and completely enveloped boat and crew; the second capsized the boat. Some of the crew were washed into the churning waters of the passage, while others were trapped in the upturned boat.

On the shore a fear ran through the waiting groups. In the darkness the upturned boat could not be seen, but everyone knew that in the boiling surf the men were clinging to the boat for dear life. Stores were gone,

to the bitter disappointment of the islanders.

Pulling into the lea of the shore the rescue crew waited for the coming of dawn before venturing through the harbour passage. The seas were still tremendous, and the huge waves were too much for the men in their weak state. One huge wave lifted the boat and its 17 men on its crest and carried it crashing to the beach. Leaping like lightning into the water the men held the boat, while the breaker ebbed with a terrific under-tow of shingle.

At last they were ashore and not a life was lost. But another exciting story can be added to the annals which Pitcairn men will tell for years to come.

gear was gone—heavy losses for a remote island. But were the men safe? Almost immediately when the disaster was seen the men left on shore began to haul down a second long-boat, and volunteers were called for. Eight men stepped forward, and quickly the second boat dipped into the surf, and by a miracle slipped through the narrow harbour mouth without being capsized.

Cast Adrift

In the darkness the men struggling in the sea could not be seen nor could their cries for help be heard above the roar of the surf. But with the help of a torch the men were seen clinging to the upturned boat—anxious as much for the boat (they afterwards admitted) as for themselves. Pitcairn Island long-boats are a precious part of the island's possessions, and are expensive to build. Rescuing the men and taking the upturned boat in tow, the second boat pulled towards the shore—an almost hopeless task—and eventually the boat had to be cast adrift out to sea,

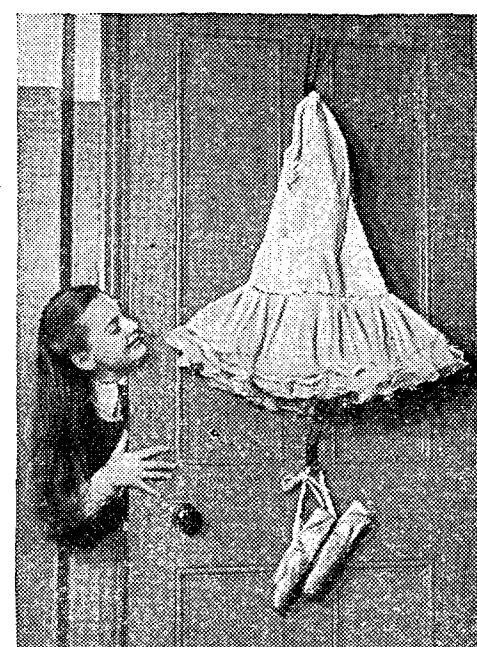
A Merry Christmas



The little girl who did not believe in Santa Claus



Jolly good show!



The young ballerina



Behind the scenes of a Nativity Pageant



The old carols are ever new

The CHRISTMAS BOX

THE Christmas pudding mixture for 1600 sailors at Chatham was stirred by two admirals and a captain who used Carley float paddles. Admiral Sir Harold Burrough scattered 160 silver three-penny pieces in the mixture which weighed 560 lbs.

IN Berlin Christmas trees have been rationed and sold only to families with young children.

GERMAN children in the Berlin area have been invited to join British children at an R A F Christmas party.

THE Christmas bonus sweet coupons, which entitle everyone to 4 oz extra, and which belong to period Number 6, may be used in period Number 7, if they have not already been used. This has been arranged in case supplies should not at first be sufficient to meet the bonus in full.

RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA

ONE of the most important problems facing the world today is that of relations between Russia and the Western democracies. The Soviet Union was their Ally in the fight against Hitler's Germany and rendered great services to the common cause; but, unhappily, since the end of the war the relationship between the Western World and Russia has been very different and has been growing worse—though it is pleasing to record a happier note in the recent trade negotiations between Russia and our own country in particular.

The hope is that the four Foreign Ministers may eventually, through straightening out the problem of Germany, contribute to an improvement of relations with Russia. To understand the Russian attitude, and especially her insistent demand for an enormous amount of reparations, it is essential to know as much of the background to Russian policy, especially economic policy, as possible. But this is not easy. Traditional Russian secretiveness hampers free exchange of information.

Then the vastness of the country itself may defeat such attempts at understanding. The USSR covers one-sixth of the entire land surface of the globe. Within her frontiers can be found peoples of more than two hundred nationalities belonging to a variety of civilisations. You can find in the Soviet Union nomadic tribesmen as well as world-famous scientists.

For the past 20 years or so this vast territory has been undergoing great economic changes as the Russian Government has been attempting to convert the structure of the country from mainly agricultural into mainly industrial. Of course, the task is gigantic, and in spite of very great efforts Russia is still not as highly industrialised as, for example, Britain or the U.S.

In this country we seldom stop to think what it really means to be an industrial country. There is hardly anything that we wear or use in our everyday life—consumer's goods—that is not or could not be made in Britain. Most of our people are somehow linked with industry through working either in factories or in offices which serve industry one way or another. Only relatively few of our people earn their livelihood on the land.

Lessons Out of School

LESSONS out of school are a popular feature of the Christmas holidays for numerous London girls and boys.

For many years the Christmas lectures given by eminent scientists to young folk at the Royal Institution have been very popular. These, however, could be attended by comparatively few. More recently the London County Council has endeavoured to meet the desire of many young people to learn more about modern developments, and has arranged Christmas lectures by expert scientists.

A year ago more than 3000 children attended, and more than that number are expected next week at London polytechnics and other places to witness practical experiments and demonstrations, and to hear about the latest developments in such subjects as television, jet engines, the magic of sound, and so on.

We seldom realise, too, that a tremendous basic industry—coal mines, steelworks, and machine-tool factories—is necessary to produce the machines that make the thousands of things daily bought by every Briton. Without a basic industry there could not possibly be in this country a consumers' goods industry.

Five-Year Plans

Now, despite the size of her territory, population, and resources in raw materials, Russia has, until 1925, been a country with an extremely poorly-developed industry. It was only in 1925 that industrialisation of that country started with the first of a series of Five-Year Plans. Though gravely injured in the course of Nazi invasion, the Russians have been able to lay the foundations of their basic industries—coal mines, power stations, steel foundries, and machine-building factories.

But while great progress has been made in these vital industries, the individual Russian is probably not much better off today than he was a quarter of a century ago. If this be so it is mainly due to the serious under-development of the consumers' goods industry. In this field the situation of the ordinary Russian men and women is not cheerful at all. Housing conditions are bad and only the simplest consumers' goods (apart from food) can be obtained in Russian shops. There are few textiles, shoes, radios, watches, or even such essential goods as perambulators for babies.

Feeling the Pinch

Nearly every ton of steel produced by the Soviet steel industry is "ploughed" back into the heavy industry to build more steel-works and more machine-building plants. The shortage of consumers' goods on the scale existing in the Soviet Union would prove exceedingly troublesome to anyone used even to our severely cut-down range of goods. But even with their simpler needs the teeming masses of Russians feel the pinch of these restrictions. Soldiers of the Soviet Army who came to Central Europe were the keenest possible buyers of consumers' goods of any description.

It is perhaps not surprising, therefore, that Russia has demanded the maximum possible tonnage of goods not only from Germany and Austria but also from other countries under her influence in Eastern Europe and the Balkans. But this demand and the chaos it would cause in Germany clashes with vital interests of Britain or other countries interested in the European settlement.

Agreement by the Big Four on what Russia can, with justice to all, receive as reparations from the defeated countries is indeed essential for future peace in Europe.

The Nobel Prize Means Food!

THE announcement that the Nobel Prize for Peace had been awarded to American and British Quakers had an unexpected result in Norway.

In Norway the Friends are very few, but they, in particular a group in Stavanger, had in hand a project for sending a few food parcels to a children's home near Hamburg, run by German Quakers. Having heard that some lorry-loads of supplies were going to Germany from Kristiansand, the Stavanger group, greatly daring, decided to appeal for a lorry, and food to fill it, which could travel with the Kristiansand convoy.

Food and clothing began at once to pour in. The award of the Nobel Prize to Quakers had made Norwegian folk very much aware of the possibilities of relief work, and they answered the Stavanger appeal overwhelmingly. When the convoy finally left Norway at the beginning of December, 16 of the 28 lorries were for the Friends. There were ten tons of clothing, and 1300 lbs of margarine saved from Stavanger's rations, together with vegetables and other foods, rationed and unrationed. There is now far more than will be needed by the little Home for 20 children in Hamburg, and German Quakers will have the joy of distributing clothing and food more widely.

Calling All Children



This timely cartoon comes from Safety News, the journal of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents.

THE SPUDS' TONIC

It has been estimated that the average annual loss of yield of potatoes due to blight is more than a million tons, which represents nearly one pound a week for each person.

This was stated recently by Lieut-Colonel R. M. Preston, Chairman of the Council of the Copper Development Association. He pointed out that the Ministry of Agriculture urges growers to use copper sulphate spray as an effective means of preventing blight. Probably no more than 1200 or 1300 tons of copper would be needed to provide spray for all the potatoes grown in this country.

A Dutch Master

AN exhibition of Van Gogh's works is on view at the Tate Gallery, London, and will later be seen in Birmingham and Glasgow.

Vincent Van Gogh, who was born in 1853 and worked in the tradition of the French painter Millet, became one of the leaders of the Post-Impressionist Group of painters, striving to reproduce emotion rather than outward appearance. His life ended unhappily; his art has endured.

WORLD NEWS REEL

STILL STRONG. A pamphlet published by the U.S. Army says that the British Empire is in no danger of falling apart, and points out that a quarter of the world's population still stand up for God Save the King.

The North Atlantic base of the BOAC is to be transferred from Montreal airport to Filton, Bristol.

During the next three years Iraq's railways are to be improved. £11,000,000 will be spent, and most of it in purchasing rolling stock and machinery from Britain.

TWO BITES. A South African angler, fishing in the sea, caught a barber fish and threw it back. One week later, at the same spot, the same angler caught that same fish—he could prove it by the marks.

In order to save dollars by reducing imports from dollar countries Australia has made further cuts in petrol, tobacco, newsprint, film royalties, and dollar travel allowances.

A woman has been appointed Governor of the United Provinces, India. She is Mrs Sarojini Naidu, a poet.

Agreement has been reached between India and Pakistan on many outstanding questions relating to their existence as separate Dominions.

A big leprosy research station is to be established in Nigeria. It is hoped that a British sulphonamide drug may prove useful in combating the disease.

When a message reached Malta from the Dutch liner Willem Ruys, saying that a nine-year-old boy on board had appendicitis, the Maltese Minister of Health, Professor P. P. Debono, travelled 60 miles in a fishing boat to the liner and made a successful operation.

Eniwetok atoll in the Marshall Islands is to be made an atomic testing ground. The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission states that experiments there "will facilitate advances in peaceful, as well as in military, applications of atomic energy."

HOME NEWS REEL

AND LITTLE JOHN? Alderman W. Sharp, Sheriff of Nottingham, has proposed the erection of a statue of Robin Hood at Nottingham.

The biggest penicillin factory in the world—at Speke, near Liverpool—has been taken over by the commercial company which has been operating it for the Ministry of Supply. During the past ten months the factory has exported penicillin worth £873,643.

Gaumont-British Instructional studios have made a film of the history and development of atomic energy.

WELL DONE, ALL. In a recent week the Welsh miners increased their coal output by 16,000 tons. There were also increases of 12,000 tons in the Midland coalfield, and 11,000 tons in Scotland.

Masters and boys from Charterhouse School helped in rescue work during a fire at a nursing home at Godalming.

Next year's coal production target for Britain is about 14 million tons more than this year's.

Leicester Corporation decided not long ago to sell Tony, an 18-year-old grey horse who for eleven years helped to prepare cricket and football pitches at Victoria Park; there were so many protests, however, that the Corporation sent Tony to live at the City farm.

The Ministry of Transport has asked local authorities to support a new campaign to increase the use by the public of pedestrian crossings.

YOUTH NEWS REEL

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS. Each Cub of the 56th Glasgow Wolf Cub Pack is making a Christmas cracker filled with toys, puzzles, and books to give to children of the Strathblane Home for Children.

The Cornwell Scout Badge, given for suffering courageously borne, has been awarded to Troop Leader Ernest Sandels of the 6th Chipping Norton Troop, Oxfordshire. When he was 11 Ernest was very badly burned about the face and arms, but he has borne his suffering very bravely and has always been a most exemplary member of his troop.

It is estimated by the Postmaster General that 6,500,000 postal packages are sent every week to football pools.

PAUL JONES. The Old Tolbooth of Kircudbright is to be converted into a memorial to Paul Jones the famous 18th-century buccaneer. The new building will contain an American library and a museum.

An American girl visitor to London blew a tiny bracelet whistle of the kind used in New York to summon taxis. To her astonishment a policeman and three dogs arrived.

A D Day memorial recently unveiled on Weymouth Esplanade by the U.S. Major-General, Clayton L. Bissell, records that most of the American troops who landed in France on D Day passed through Weymouth and Portland Harbours.

The crypt chapel of Guildford's unfinished cathedral was recently dedicated for regular services.

LUCKY 9000. On December '22 some 8000 orphans and other needy children in London will have a free seat for one performance of the Mammoth Circus at Harringay Arena. On December 23 another 1000 will attend a special matinee of the Wizard of Oz as guests of the owner of the Strand Theatre.

The fastest freight helicopter in the world, a British machine called the Air-horse, is to make its first flight next spring. Its maximum speed is 154 m.p.h. and it can carry 24 passengers and three tons of cargo.

Patrol Leader Alan James Brown, of the 20th Ormskirk (1st Netherthorpe) Troop has won the Scout Gilt Cross for rescuing two boys from drowning in the Leeds and Liverpool Canal.

FROM DOWN UNDER. Four Australian members of the Guide International Service arrived in London recently. They have been trained in Australia and are likely to join the GIS in Germany before long.

Scouts are on duty every day at the Exhibition of Princess Elizabeth's Wedding Presents at St James's Palace.

THEY SAW A TROPIC BIRD

THE British Natural History Museum in London has received a gift of some 700 specimens of small octopuses, squids, and other examples of ocean life, many of them new to science. They were caught during the cruise of the specially-equipped American steamship, *Arcturus*, which, under the leadership of Dr William Beebe, of the New York Zoological Society, conducted a series of deep-sea explorations of life and currents in the Sargasso Sea, and later around the Cocos and the Galapagos Islands. The gift was made to the Museum some years ago, but the war and other unavoidable delays prevented the identifying of new species, and only now has it become possible to place the precious collection on exhibition.

During the cruise, the *Arcturus* was on a course that Columbus first followed, in 1492. Columbus was the first European to sight the Sargasso Sea, a vast area of floating ocean weed, which was declared to be so

dense as to arrest the progress of ships, and doom their crews to starvation by preventing their escape when entangled in it. The legend has long been proved a fanciful traveller's tale.

Beebe and his fellow scientists had on board a translation of the diary kept by Columbus during the immortal first voyage, and noted that the entry for September 23, 1492, when the Spanish expedition was sailing slowly through the Sargasso was, "We saw a tropic bird." While the *Arcturus* was in the same position or thereabouts, the ship's alarm sounded one early morning, bringing all hands up on deck from their bunks, to see, as Columbus and his men saw, "a tropic bird." Indeed, the bird visited them day after day, as dawn broke, just as its ancestors had visited Columbus, four-and-a-half centuries ago. Tropic birds have probably been flying over the Sargasso Sea ever since that vast region, rich in food, has been afloat on the Atlantic.

YHA SCHOLARSHIP

THE Scottish YHA has been invited to select a young Scot and send him to the United States to enjoy an American Youth Hostel Leadership Training School Scholarship for several months. While there, the lucky Scot will share in the leading of excursions through American forest country, live in the training school and generally enjoy the advantages of Youth Hostel leadership training as practised in the United States.

Isolated Again

THE islands of South Ronaldshay, Glimps Holm, and Burray will next year be cut off from the mainland of Orkney for about six months.

During the war the Admiralty built a long causeway connecting Orkney with these three islands, and another called Lamb Holm, thus sealing the eastern entrances to the famous naval base of Scapa Flow.

Repairs to this giant causeway are now necessary, and while they are in progress the people of these islands who want to do their shopping at Kirkwall, or make a call at some other place on the Orkney mainland will have to go by boat as of yore.

Warwickshire's Welford

WHEN we gave a picture of the Warwickshire village of Welford-on-Avon in our This England series we incorrectly placed it in the wrong county, Northamptonshire. That county, however, has a Welford, and it is also on the Avon!

In pointing out the error, one of our readers, Anthony Brooker, writes:

"I live in one of Shakespeare's villages, 'Dancing' Marston. Every day we go through Welford-on-Avon on the way to school at Stratford-on-Avon. The Maypole at Welford-on-Avon used to be the tallest in England, but last summer when it was taken down for repainting 15 of its 75 feet broke off, so perhaps it has lost that distinction. My brother and I helped to haul it up, and it looked splendid with the sun shining on the gilded fox and weather vane on top of its long spiral of stripes in red, white, and blue."

The C N humbly apologises to Warwickshire for robbing it of such a charming village.

Great Courage Rewarded

AN adventurous voyage, which might almost be compared with that of Columbus, is recalled by the news that Canada is likely to allow the settlement in the Dominion of the 23 Estonians and one Latvian who, this year, sailed across the Atlantic in a small boat.

The Estonians, including eight women, were seeking a country where they could live in freedom. They left Gothenburg in a 20-foot boat and, as they could not afford to buy oil for the engine, they had to rely on sail. They were not professional sailors, for among them were six clerks, a goldsmith, a book-keeper, a draughtsman, and other shore craftsmen. After two months of battling with Atlantic storms in their little vessel, they reached Savannah, in Georgia. But there a disappointment awaited them. The U.S. Authorities would not allow them to settle in the U.S.A. as they had no visas.

Their case was taken up by the Canadian Lutheran World Relief Organisation, and now, if they meet the required mental and physical standards for immigrants they will be allowed to settle in Canada.

There will probably be little fault to find with the mental and physical qualities of these heroic liberty lovers.

UNCONTROLLED

REPORTS of two unusual flights come from America.

In the first case a pilot in Texas was thrown out of his machine as he made a bumpy landing, and the plane took off again and flew by itself for over two hours before it crashed.

In the second instance a plane made a 15-minute flight over Washington, manned by three young schoolboys who took off in the aircraft without permission.

Another Don

THE cricket season is in full swing in Australia, and not long ago 12-year-old Donald Wright, a Tasmanian schoolboy, accomplished an extraordinary feat.

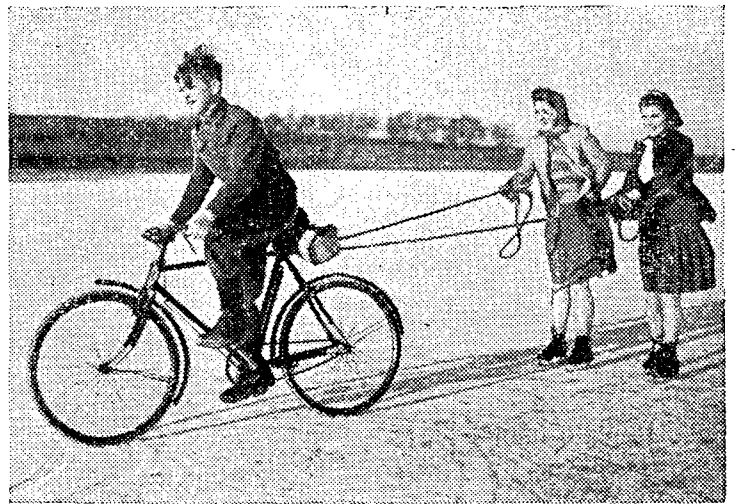
Bowling for Glenorchy School against New Norfolk, at Hobart in Tasmania, Don took three wickets with his first three balls. That was hat-trick No. 1. The next three balls also dismissed three batsmen—hat-trick No. 2, and six wickets in succession!

In Australian cricket there are eight balls to the over, and so down went Don's seventh ball. The batsman only just managed to play it, but without scoring. With the eighth ball of the over, down went another wicket. Seven wickets in eight balls and no runs!

Actually, however, Don's performance is not a record, for, according to Wisden's, Paul Hugo, a left-hand bowler, dismissed nine batsmen with nine successive balls in a South African schools' match in 1931.

EMPHASISING THE NEED

THE town councillors of Hellen-dorn, Holland, had arranged recently to discuss the town budget, and the first item on the agenda was "Buying a cat." When the papers were called for, however, it was discovered that they had been eaten by mice.



A Beau With Two Strings

A young cavalier with a bicycle provides two girl friends with a labour-saving run over the ice on Keighley Tarn, Yorkshire.

Catching a Cold

THE secret of the common cold has long defied the utmost efforts of medical science. Now, as a result of experiments on 500 volunteers who deliberately allowed themselves to catch colds, certain facts have been discovered about the elusive cold virus.

It is very minute indeed, measuring roughly one ten-thousandth of a millimetre in size, and can stand temperatures as low as minus 70 degrees centigrade without being killed.

Since all attempts to cultivate the virus for research purposes have failed, a steady flow of volunteers is required. They are kept free of cost for ten days at Harvard Hospital, Salisbury, Wiltshire, and are given three shillings a day pocket money. Many enjoy the experience so much that they go back a second or even third time "to catch the cold."

BELL RECORDS

THE bellringers of Mulbarton in Norfolk rang 5040 changes the other day in honour of the 77th birthday of Mr Frederick Middleton—and the treble bell was rung by Mr Middleton himself, for he has been a ringer for 63 years.

At St Mary Stoke church, Ipswich, it is a case of "ring out the old, ring in the new," for amplifiers have been installed in the 13th-century tower to broadcast recordings of famous peals of bells.

Old Records of a Stately Home

NEARLY all the important archives of Audley End, the magnificent and historic mansion near Saffron Walden, have recently been deposited, by the generosity of Lord Braybrooke, in the Essex Record Office, County Hall, Chelmsford.

Among the documents is a fine series of accounts giving an insight into household and estate management in the days of George III. The series was begun in 1762 when the first Lord Braybrooke succeeded to Audley End, then in a dilapidated condition; and the painstaking management of his time and that of his successors is revealed by the complete collection of 38,000 original receipted bills and vouchers. They are all tied up in yearly parcels each containing 12 monthly bundles of neatly folded little bills.

THE OLD LADY OF LEWISHAM

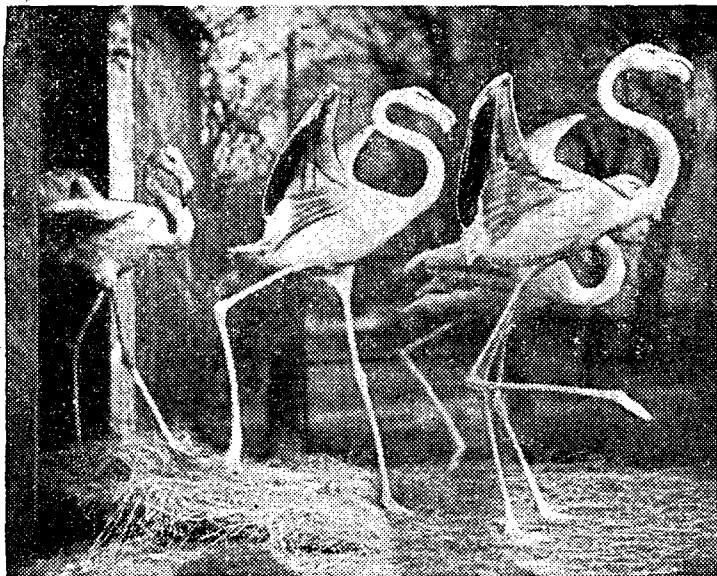
WHEN Mrs Ellen Checketts of Lewisham has a birthday—she is 102 and the oldest war widow in the country—the occasion is remembered by such famous actors and actresses as Sybil Thorndike, Sir Lewis Casson, Sir Seymour Hicks, and Lillian Braithwaite. For Mrs Checketts used to be an actress, mainly in Shakespearean productions, and her favourite role was Celia in *As You Like It*.

That, of course, was long ago, and nowadays Mrs Checketts spends most of her time reading books—her weekly average being eight. And she still finds time to knit!

Learning to be Champions

WHAT a wonderful opportunity was presented to those two young English lawn tennis stars, Joy Gannon and Jean Quertier, when they were taken to California for a course of coaching from Fred Stone, the famous American tennis tutor.

For several months these two tennis "babes" have been working hard for five hours a day. Joy and Jean have been playing and training at the Berkeley Club in San Francisco, where so many champions have developed; and if they can acquire some of the amazing match-winning technique of the American girls, we may yet see one of them crowned as the world's champion at Wimbledon.



Early-Morning Energy

The moment the door of their hut is opened the flamingos at the London Zoo burst forth in search of breakfast, every inch of them a picture of zest that should shame human sluggards.



Young Riding Master

Although only 14, Brian Lee, of Whitstable, is an accomplished horseman and conducts his own riding school. Here we see Brian leading one of his classes and keeping an eye on the youngest member, riding on his left.

Holly Green With Berries Red

THERE will be few homes this Christmas without some holly even if it is only a sprig on the plum pudding. The use of the green foliage and red berries of this "incomparable tree," as the great diarist John Evelyn called the holly, is a time-honoured custom of this festive season.

Authorities differ as to the origin of the name "Holly." There is some doubt as to whether the name was originally "holy tree," but as various parts of the tree were used in medicine in early times, it is interesting to note that the words health, whole, and holy, are all derived from the same root.

Holly is one of the most widespread of trees; there are over 170 known varieties, 12 of which are found in Britain, and it is a native of all continents except Australasia. But nowhere does it thrive better than in the British Isles.

From the botanist's point of view holly presents an interesting example of "intelligence" in plant adaptation. It is one of the few trees which retains its leaves throughout the seasons, and its lower branches would quickly suffer from the attentions of sheep and cattle when other food is scarce but for the development

of prickles. It is interesting to note that the prickles become less numerous in the upper branches, almost completely disappearing in the topmost shoots.

There is a reason, too, for the peculiar shape and high polish of holly leaves. Evergreen trees often suffer severe damage, heavy accumulations of snow and ice causing branches to snap off the trunks. Snow and water easily slide off holly leaves, however, and so the trees are largely immune to accidents of this kind.

Holly trees grow so slowly that they are seldom planted commercially, but the hard, white, straight-grained wood is much in demand for certain crafts. It makes excellent plywood for decorative purposes and dyes well. Stained black, it is often used as a substitute for ebony in the manufacture of teapot handles and similar articles.

Many people believe that a holly tree is never struck by lightning, and some observers insist that this belief is well founded. In ancient days the tree was also held to be a protection against witches and gnomes, and for these reasons the ancient Britons often used to plant holly trees alongside their dwellings.

IN FATHER'S FOOTER-STEPS

ONE of the most famous football clubs in the world is Queen's Park (Glasgow); but although it has won all the honours in Scottish Soccer its players have always been amateurs. And what great players have worn its black-and-white hooped jerseys! Hundreds have represented Scotland in international games, and the time is not far distant when yet another will join the ranks. He is Ron Simpson, the 17-year-old goalkeeper of Queen's Park.

There is real romance in this young man's rise to football fame. In 1945, when he was 14½, and was keeping goal for the King's Park (Glasgow) School team, Ron received the thrill of his life. He was asked to play for Queen's Park in a Scottish Cup-tie against Clyde! He had

previously only played in school football, but he turned out for this famous amateur team and gave a polished display that gave promise of even greater things.

Before his 16th birthday he became the regular goalkeeper for Queen's Park, and in October this year he played for Scotland against England in a Youth International. Before long he will probably represent his country in senior international matches; and if he does he will be following in the footer-steps of his famous father—Jimmy Simpson, one of the greatest players of Glasgow Rangers and Scotland in the early nineteen-thirties. Simpson senior won fame as a centre-half, but, like his son, he started his career in goal.

A PONY FOR THE STOCKING

AMONG Britain's numerous exports are Shetland and Welsh ponies, and on Christmas morning some will be found in American homes!

Many of the ponies are already in a famous store on Broadway, New York, waiting for new owners. Announcing that they have hundreds of ponies for sale, the proprietors of the store say, "Maybe Santa Claus can't tuck a pony in a stocking or lead one down the chimney, but who wouldn't burst with happiness at the sight of a real, live pony, come early Christmas morning?" Their announcement continues, "We have sweet, gentle Shetland and Welsh ponies. Every pony is broken in for saddle and cart and has a veterinarian's [veterinary surgeon] certificate to show that he's in the pink of health!"

With the ponies are offered complete sets of accessories. These include prefabricated stables, fine leather halters, two-wheel carts, harness with bridle, and western-style saddles. A pony with accessories costs 349 dollars; the pony alone, 249 dollars.

Back to School

ON a December day in 1887 two youths walked along the High Street at Margate together to take up work as pupil teachers at St John's School. The other day, the sixtieth anniversary of that first walk to school, Alderman W. C. Redman and Mr David Fashan covered the same ground again, this time to take part in a novel ceremony.

When they began work together, 60 years ago, a bell hung in the school belfry. About ten years ago the school was rebuilt and Mr Fashan acquired the bell, had it renovated, and turned it into a "ship's bell." At the recent ceremony he and Alderman Redman presented the old bell to St John's, where it will be rung not only at the beginning and end of the day but also to mark the hours in "ship fashion."

Pianist-Premier



This striking statue of Paderewski, the famous pianist who became Premier of his native Poland after the First World War, has lately been erected at Morges, his one-time home in Switzerland.

The Editor's Table

CHRISTMAS WISH

THE old wish of "A Happy Christmas" goes ringing round the world again to echo its message of good will in the hearts of all men. Christmas, with all its manifold blessings on home and family, this year comes to a world in sore need of the family spirit in its councils. Yet, though hopes of peace and good will among all men are long deferred, Christmas once again makes it clear that these hopes are strong and well-founded.

THEIR foundation is in God's act on that starry night in Bethlehem when the Babe was born. That human yet miraculous event which set the angels singing is the mainspring of Christmas and all its good will, and it is the most outstanding event in the world's history.

From that first Christmas night the world of men took a fresh direction under the most powerful impulse of all—the fact that God was living among men. Too frequently men have lost that vision, and all the rare dedication of time and talents which goes with it. Too often the dark clouds of hatred and war have obliterated the glory and the promise which radiate from Bethlehem and the Babe born to be King.

BUT the loveliest day on earth is here again, with all its power of drawing the best out of men, of replacing fear by faith, and hatred by love. This is the proudest day of the year because it is Christ's birthday, and His way of life has never been removed from its supreme place in the affections and desires of countless millions throughout the world.

Perhaps the most significant fact about Christmas is that while it makes us look back it also makes us look forward—to the glory that is to be when all men everywhere have seen the wonder of God dwelling among men, and seek their wisdom and their treasure at His feet.

TRULY, in faith and hope and love is the old Christmas wish founded; and in faith and hope and love we now re-echo it. A Happy Christmas to all!

Song of Christmas

MY song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love,
and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

W. M. Thackeray

School Prizes Again, Please

RECENTLY the Minister of Education was asked in Parliament whether he intended to encourage local authorities to restore the giving of prizes in schools, a practice discontinued in many schools owing to the difficulty of obtaining the right kind of books. The Minister's answer was that the whole question of rewards and punishments in schools had not as yet been fully considered.

It has become the fashion in many quarters to criticise the award of prizes to schoolchildren as a bad form of incentive. But surely this is a case where the old idea is best. What can compare with the thrill of taking home a prize book handsomely inscribed with one's name and achievement? An honest reward honestly earned—that is one of the greatest satisfactions life can give. So think well, Mr Tomlinson, and let us have our school prizes again.

HOLY LAND

THE Archbishop of York's plea that the Holy Places in the Jerusalem area should be placed under international control will strike a chord of sympathy in millions of hearts throughout the world. If only the inner city comes under international authority many of the places sacred in history and veneration will not be included, and therefore, not be safeguarded.

The Archbishop would also like to see Bethlehem and Nazareth as well as the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane brought within international control, which is surely not asking too much in view of the supreme place held by those names and places in the human story. What a gesture to world friendship and brotherhood it would be if these dearly loved Holy Places were made the responsibility of all mankind!

Under the E

THE public were allowed to file through a crowded exhibition. Who provided the file?

TO save water a Town Council has promised to replace faulty washers. This does not include boys who do not wash their necks.

FIFTY-TWO emergency colleges are being built. To teach people what to do in emergencies?

PLANES Held by Fog, says a headline. Must have been a solid one.



"THANK you for the lovely rocking horse, Granny—and we clubbed together and bought you this engine."

December 27, 1947

Newspaper

THE LIBERAL SPIRIT

"LIBERALISM," said Lord Samuel recently, "remains the hope of the world, with its objects of establishing peace in the world, liberty in the state, and social justice in the community."

Most Conservatives and Socialists will agree with him.

The Liberal party, however, has today dwindled in the numbers of its members of Parliament. The late H. G. Wells, the famous writer, once described the Liberal party as bearing "a banner that someone has forgotten to carry on."

Both the Conservative and the Labour parties are struggling to possess that banner—which is a good sign. The Conservatives say that in these times there is no real difference between them and the Liberals, who should join up with them. The Labour party, on the other hand, claim that the mantle of liberalism has fallen on them.

One thing is certain, there can be no hope for the world, politically, unless all parties are inspired by those high ideals of which Lord Samuel spoke.

He Did Not Pass

THERE have been a series of by-elections recently and many have been the explanations of the defeated candidates for their lack of success at the poll.

Perhaps this story told of the creator of Sherlock Holmes explains why.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was an unsuccessful candidate at two elections. The moment he entered his house after the declaration of the poll at one of these elections his little daughter ran up to him, crying, "Oh Daddy, I am so sorry you did not pass." She thought that contesting an election meant sitting for an examination, and that her father had failed in this!

Perhaps she was not so far wrong, for the electors—his examiners—had failed to pass him.

Editor's Table

PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW

If a Christmas
card is a season
ticket



SCHOOLCHILDREN are taught to make models. Must be model children.

THE modern girl is an open-air girl. Easily found out.

EVERY ship's captain keeps a log. For fuel?

PEOPLE of Tasmania have sent 11 cwt of rolled oats to the people of Acton. Were they rolled all the way?

THINGS SAID

I HATE to see a number of so-called gentlemen coming back from the hunt . . . Foxes are chased all day, when a bullet would put an end to them.

The Mayor of Bath

HAVING regard to what the people of Britain went through during the war years and the years succeeding them, any assistance that can be given them is something that cannot be studied too carefully.

*Mackenzie King,
Canadian Prime Minister*

How I hated the individual who first placed doubts in my mind about Santa Claus

The Minister of Education

WE believe in Unesco because we believe that a good tree cannot produce bad fruit.

*The Mexican
Minister of Education*

Christmas Day On Thursday

As Christmas Day falls on a Thursday this year the following lines preserved among the Harleian MSS in the British Museum have a special interest to lovers of old rhymes and students of prophetic lore:

If Christmas Day on Thursday be,

A windy winter you shall see:
Windier weather in each week,
And hard tempests, strong and thick:

The summer shall be good and dry:

Corn and beaste shall multiply:
If a child that day born should be,

It shall happen right well for thee—

Of deeds he shall be good and stable,

Wise of speech and reasonable.
Whoso that day goes thieving about,

He shall be punished without doubt:

And if sickness that day betide
It shall quickly from thee glide.

CHRISTMAS EVE

TWAS the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

Clement Clarke Moore

CHRISTMAS MORN

So now, God bless you, one and all,
With hearts and hearthstones warm;
And may He prosper great and small,
And keep us out of harm,
And teach us still
His sweet good will
This merry Christmas morn.

Old Rhyme

JUST AN IDEA

As La Rochefoucauld wrote,
Hypocrisy is the homage which
vice renders to virtue.

IN THE FIELD ABIDING



IN the well-loved Christmas story the shepherd holds an honoured place, for it was to shepherds abiding in the field near Bethlehem that the Angel first brought the greatest tidings of all time.

Perhaps because of this the medieval shepherd, alone among the humble tenants of the Manor, was permitted to fold his sheep with the lord's flock, and, at Christmastime, so that he could spend the traditional Twelve Days of jollity with his family, he was allowed to take his master's sheep home to his own plot of land.

In those days, too, the shepherd had the customary right to a bowl of whey and buttermilk in summer, a lamb at weaning time, and a fleece at shearing.

A 13th-century manuscript recognised the high responsibility of the shepherd's task:

"It profiteth the land to have discreet shepherds, watchful and kindly, so that the sheep be not tormented by their wrath, but crop their pasture in peace and joyfulness."

Four centuries later, a shepherd could make this proud boast:

"Sir, I am true labourer; I earn that I eat, I get what I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my calling; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck."

Even Samuel Pepys, that lover of material things, was strangely moved, while walking on the Downs one day, at the sight of an aged shepherd, listening to his boy-companion reading the Bible. Wrote Samuel in the celebrated diary, "... he was the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind for two or three days after."

As the Christmas season comes round once more, let us, too, give thought to the shepherd.

The Lonely Men of the Lightships

ONE of the most dramatic items in the Christmas Day broadcasts last year was the conversation with the lighthouse men on the Bishop Rock, 30 miles out in the Atlantic, the rock on which the B B C men were marooned for 28 days by heavy seas. The lighthouse men's vigil is a lonely one, and lonely too is that of the lightship men who must remain at sea, buffeted by raging storms, until relief arrives.

There are about 60 lightships in all around the coasts of Britain. The job of manning them is not one to be envied, for few crews lead harder, more monotonous and perilous lives than the men who tend the lights of the grand little ships.

Their storm-tossed homes are necessarily placed in the most exposed and dangerous situations, where no lighthouses could be erected. And they are certainly no "floating palaces."

Need For New Ships

As a matter of fact, just before the war Trinity House, under whose jurisdiction the care of the lightships falls, began a big replacement programme. This was not launched before it was needed, for the veteran lightships scheduled for scrapping were all "wooden walls," and some were rather ancient.

The war accentuated the need for new ships, and the replacement programme is getting into full swing again. Several of the lightships now earmarked for retirement bear the scars of war—from the bullets and bombs of Nazi aircraft. Five new lightships are now being built at a Dartmouth shipyard as one instalment of the programme.

In these and other new vessels are being incorporated scientific devices discovered during the war to overcome the effects of weather, and special attention is being paid to improved conditions for the crews. The new equipment includes giant 500,000 candle-power lights, which will be visible for more than ten miles, wireless, and submarine-detectors.

While these innovations are to be welcomed, not even the skill of 20th-century science can dispel the age-old enmity of the sea. Year in, year out, the lightships have to face the battering of mountainous seas, while shriek-

ing gales cause them to strain at their anchors until at times even the powerful cables holding them are forced to give way.

At other times, when all other shipping makes for shelter, the crews are forced to remain until the relief vessel—perhaps a fortnight or more overdue—arrives to take them back to land.

During calmer periods, however, life would be unbearably monotonous but for the routine work. Watches have to be kept regularly, the ship made trim, the light maintained in perfect order, and the fog siren—which has an engine—given attention. When this bellowing monster is at work the men get extra pay.

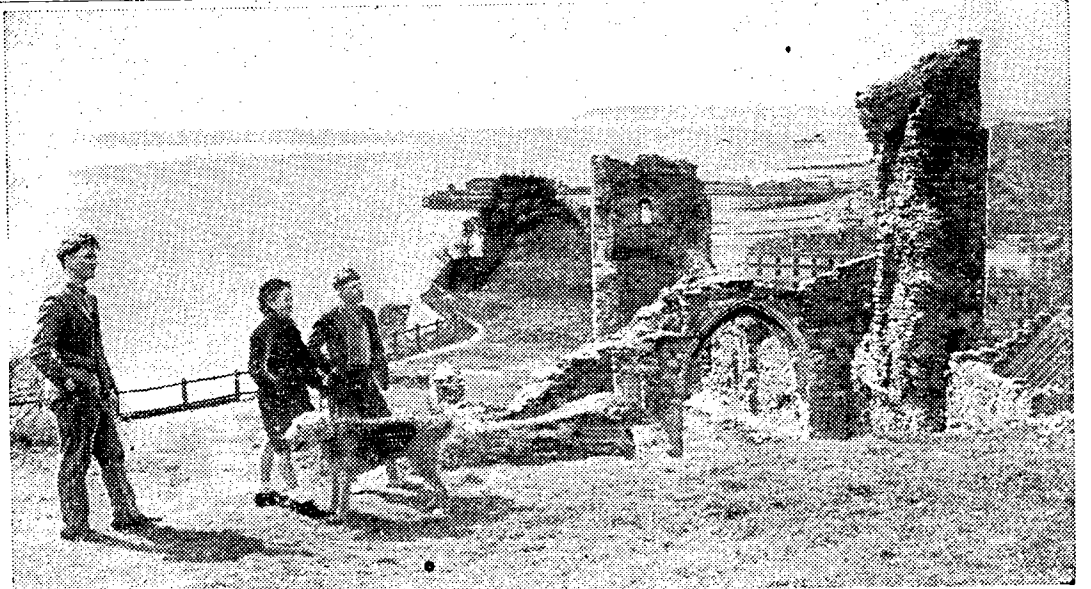
There are usually seven men and a master on board a lightship. The master does a month at sea and a month ashore, while the crew do two months afloat and then one ashore at a Trinity House depot, repairing lightships, buoys, and so on.

Both the St George's Channel and the North Sea are dangerous places for lightships owing to the great number of vessels using them, and the prevalent fog. The risks are intensified in the southern area because of the large number of ships making for the Thames Estuary and the presence of the notorious Goodwin Sands.

Goodwin Perils

Shortly before the war the South Goodwin lightship was particularly unlucky, being hit at least three times in four years. Once, when a steamer crashed into her, that same evening the master of the East Goodwin lightship reported that a large vessel had missed him only by inches. Less than a year later this latter vessel, which is stationed off Deal, had her bulwarks shattered and her mooring cables damaged.

Such is the exacting and dangerous life of the lightship men.



THIS ENGLAND

Ruins of the Conqueror's Castle on the cliffs above Hastings, Sussex

A Cake For an Army

FIFTY dozen eggs were used in the making of a giant Christmas cake which friends in other lands have given to the Ulster Hospital Rebuilding Fund. The cake—the largest ever made in Ulster—is 7 feet long, 3 feet 6 inches wide, 4 feet 6 inches high, and weighs three-quarters of a ton.

If it is rich in fruit from South Africa, creamy butter from Canada, and sugar, almond paste, and spices from America. The eggs in it came from Eire. Pieces of the cake, each weighing about 4 lbs, will be sold for the fund.

This is a big cake indeed, but the biggest cake ever made is believed to have been the one baked for the 30,000 men in the army of Frederick William I when they encamped on the right bank of the Elbe in June 1730. An old English journal records that the cake was so big that it was brought to the camp from the bakery on a wheeled platform drawn by eight horses.

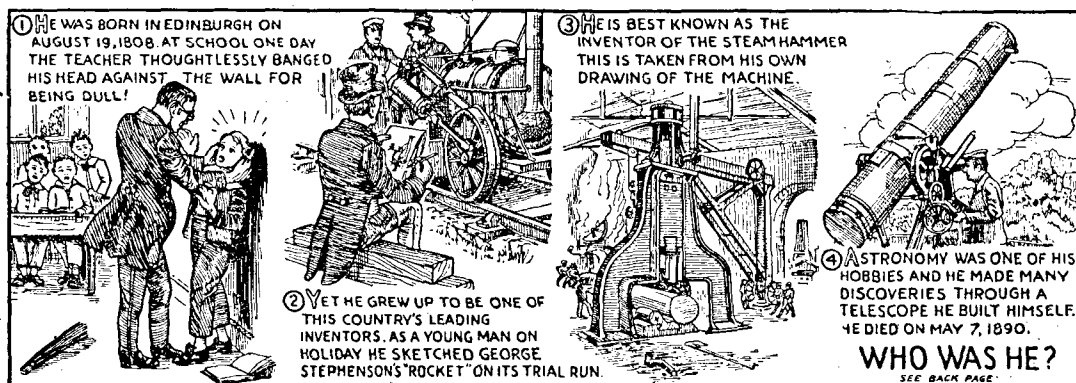
The cake measured 18 yards long by 8 yards wide and was three-quarters of a yard thick in the centre, we are told. It contained 36 bushels of flour, over 200 gallons of milk, one ton of yeast, one ton of butter and 5000 eggs, besides other ingredients in smaller quantities.

A carpenter had to be specially employed to cut the cake. He used a huge knife with a handle which rested on his shoulder and divided up the cake in the same manner as a rick of hay was divided.

A LITTLE CORNER OF YORK

THE Merchant Adventurers Hall in the City of York is to be restored and improved, at a cost of about £12,000. For 300 years a hub of the business of exporting cloth, this old hall was built in the second half of the 14th century by the Mercers of York, a body which later became the Merchant Adventurers of York, and developed the north of England's trade with the Continent of Europe.

WHO WAS HE?



Picture-Story of a Great Engineer

Truncheons For Sale

HAVE you ever seen a policeman draw his truncheon? Few of us have, for, happily, it is not often necessary in this country.

The other day the Chief Constable of Somerset announced that he had surplus truncheons, "mostly new or little used," for sale. We wonder who will buy them and for what purpose they will use them!

The modern boxwood police truncheons, carried discreetly in a specially-made pocket or sheath, are much shorter than the earlier truncheons, which, unfortunately, had to be used much more frequently.

A Wimbledon schoolmaster, Mr E. Dicken, collected in six years as many as 150 police truncheons, all of which were in use in the 18th century and after. Some had gilded scrolls and brightly-coloured heraldic designs representing the various counties and parishes in which they were carried. It is said that one of them was used during the Bread Riots of 1830.

Twenty years ago Londoners saw an exhibition of early police batons. Among them was one issued at Brixham, Devon, to special constables who had been deputed to protect Napoleon against an angry populace should he be landed there after Waterloo, as was expected at the time.

A HEATHER PARASITE

THE heather has been dying out on many of the hillsides from Caithness and Sunderland to Ayrshire and the Lothians, and Dr J. A. Macdonald, of St Andrew's University, has been explaining the reason to the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

It is a fungus called the rhizomorph, said Dr Macdonald, which does the damage by preying upon the heather like a parasite. In its early stage it is like a long horse-hair with many branches which wind round the heather stem, finally penetrating the stem and killing the plant. The fungus thrives in wet conditions caused by overgrown heather.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER FARTHEST SOUTH

OF all the treasured stories concerning Captain Scott and the heroic companions of his march to the South Pole, that of the Christmas dinner of 1911, for all the sadness of the sequel, is the merriest and is well worth the retelling at this festive season. Until nearing the Pole there were two parties. One comprised Scott, Dr Wilson, Captain Oates, Lieutenant "Birdie" Bowers, and Petty Officer Edgar Evans; they were to make the dash for the Pole after the turning back of the others, who had helped to haul and dump supplies

for Scott on his return journey from his goal.

The main consideration in the minds of both parties, except the Pole itself, was the feast they were to share at the end of the Christmas Day's march. The bill of fare was a secret, known only to Bowers, who kept the stores and was cook for the day. Camping at the close of their march of over 17 miles, each man pulling a load of 180 pounds, all but the cook found it difficult to restrain their raging appetites till the meal was ready and the mystery of its composition revealed.

At last, like Bob Cratchit's famous dinner in *The Christmas Carol*, the feast was served, the only full meal they had had since leaving their faraway base. It consisted of stew, superbly thick, made of finest beef essence and 60 per cent fat, and containing a liberal addition of horseflesh from the ponies that had helped earlier to haul the loads. In addition, there was biscuit reduced to dice-size. Then there was onion powder, accompanied by raisins and chunks of crystallised ginger. After all this there were two little Christmas puddings, produced by Bowers from a spare pair of his socks.

The mixture of that mighty dish of stew may not appeal to the stay-at-homes, but such a meal in the farthest south or the farthest north is, from the first taste to the last, provided there is enough of it, a banquet indeed. Sweetness, thickness, and warmth—that is the dream diet of Polar travellers. Scott's last Christmas dinner had these qualities.

There was enough for them all to eat until they could eat no more. For once hunger was banished, and their belts, so often tightened, could be relaxed with an indulgence almost forgotten. This, the first real banquet of the long, long haul, was also the last. Scott reached the Pole 32 days later, but perished with his comrades on the way back.

Tribute to Our Splendid Nurses

SPEAKING of the heroism of our nurses during the war, when over 1000 of them were killed, the Archbishop of Canterbury said recently that they brought to their work courage and bravery to an astonishing degree which took them wherever they were wanted without hesitation and without thought for themselves.

He was speaking in support of the British Empire Nurses War Memorial Fund. £250,000 is needed to furnish a memorial chapel in Westminster Abbey and to establish travelling scholarships for nurses of the Commonwealth and Empire.

At the same meeting Lord

Moran, the famous doctor, recalled how during the war he once badly needed the help of a nurse. It was when Mr Churchill fell ill with pneumonia at Carthage, a desolate spot "without a nurse, without a chemist's shop, without another doctor to consult—without anything." He received a cable from a Cabinet Minister saying: "Do you realise what will happen in England if you come back without your patient?"

It was good nursing that saved Mr Churchill's life.

"The lesson of that experience," said Lord Moran, "is that if you have good nurses the rest does not matter."

CHRISTMAS AT DINGLEY DELL—Jolly Scenes From Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*

Everyone eagerly awaited Mr Winkle's skating display, for he was supposed to be an expert. But as he skimmed

across the ice it was clear that his skates were out of his control. He crashed into another skater and both

fell. Mr Pickwick was ashamed of his friend. He sternly ordered Sam to take off Mr Winkle's skates.



Mr Pickwick was excited and indignant. He retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic, tone, these remarkable words: "You're a humbug, Sir." "A what!" said Mr Winkle, starting. "A humbug, Sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor."

Sam had made a slide. "Do you slide?" Wardle asked Mr Pickwick. "I used to do so, when I was a boy," he replied. "Oh do, please, Mr Pickwick," cried all the ladies. Mr Pickwick paused, considered, took a run and went slowly and gravely down the slide amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators. "Keep the pot a-bilin', Sir," said Sam.

The sport was at its height when a sharp crack was heard. A mass of ice disappeared, and Mr Pickwick's hat and handkerchief were floating on the surface. Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale and the females fainted. Then a face emerged from beneath the water and disclosed the features of Mr Pickwick.

After a vast quantity of splashing and cracking Mr Pickwick was at length extricated. "Run home as fast as your legs can carry you and jump into bed," said Wardle. Mr Pickwick was soon snug in bed. Sam lighted a blazing fire and Mr Pickwick's friends came in to keep him company. Next day he was none the worse, and the jovial Christmas party ended.

Captain Marryat's Romantic Story, *The Children of the New Forest*, begins next week

Taurus the Bull

By the C.N. Astronomer

THE great constellation of Taurus, the Bull, now occupies a large portion of the southern sky in the evening; it is high up and due south about nine o'clock and its chief stars may be readily recognised from the star-map. Taurus is of very great antiquity and these stars have represented this celestial Bull for over 5000 years.

This constellation is remarkable for containing the two grand star-clusters, the Pleiades and the Hyades, the giant sun Aldebaran, popularly known as the Bull's Eye, and, extending away to the east, the two bright stars Beta and Zeta which represent the tips of the Bull's horns.

The Hyades Cluster, easily recognised from its V-shape, is



Chief Stars of Taurus the Bull

much nearer than the Pleiades and is composed of a totally different type of sun, one more like our own Sun. Only a few of the brightest appear on our star-map and are perceptible to the naked eye, but many more may be seen if glasses or a telescope be used. More than 80 suns compose the Hyades Cluster, which is so widespread that it would take light about 35 years to cross it. Their average distance from us is about 135 light-years' journey; for example, Gamma is 112 light-years away, Epsilon 105, while Rho is 141 light-years away. The whole cluster is speeding away from us toward the south-east.

The bright reddish star Aldebaran which appears to be among them is no part of the cluster and is actually nearer to us than to the Hyades, being but 44 light-years distant. Aldebaran belongs to the class of "Giant" suns and has a diameter of some 34 million miles—nearly 40 times greater than that of our Sun. Though so vast, Aldebaran's surface is not nearly so hot, so that the total heat it radiates is not more than 60 times greater than that by our Sun. Aldebaran is travelling southwards and therefore in a different direction from that of the Hyades; so in the course of ages this star will appear apart from them.

An Immense Sun

Beta in Taurus, also known as Nath, is a second magnitude star, far away to the left; it is distant about 93 light-years' journey, and is also an immense sun radiating about 140 times more light and heat than our Sun. Zeta in Taurus appears not quite so bright as Beta because of its much greater distance of 233 light-years' journey; this huge sun radiates 280 times more light than our Sun.

The planet Uranus now appears almost between Beta and Zeta in Taurus, its position being marked by an X on the star-map. G. F. M.

GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF BRITISH ACHIEVEMENT

THE centenary of the 1851 Exhibition is to be celebrated by a national display of Britain's contribution to civilisation. In London and Edinburgh, and, it is hoped, in various other centres throughout Great Britain, exhibitions and festivals are to be organised in 1951. Every aspect of British achievement in art, science, and industry, past and present, will have its place in the display.

Every effort will be made to make this great national display as worthy of the occasion as is possible in present day circumstances. But in one important respect it is bound to fall short of the Great Exhibition of 1851: there will be no Crystal Palace this time.

It was Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria, who was chiefly responsible for the Exhibition of 1851. At first the people of London regarded the idea as a joke. Later they grew apprehensive, declaring that the Exhibition would attract to the capital a multitude of rascally ne'er-do-wells who would begin a reign of lawlessness in London.

Despite the opposition Prince Albert went quietly and resolutely on with his plans. Before the eyes of the astonished Londoners a monster palace, over 600 yards long and containing nearly a million square feet of glass, began to rise on the south side of Hyde Park. Many were the gloomy warnings that were given. One gentleman wrote to *The Times* to point out that when the royal salute was fired to mark the arrival of the Queen at the Exhibition every pane of glass in this Crystal Palace would be shattered.

The construction of the palace was not without its funny side. When the roof was completed it was found that some birds had been trapped inside. All efforts to remove them having failed, Queen Victoria sent for the Duke of Wellington, full of years and honours, to see if he could solve the problem. The Iron Duke's

advice was brief: "Try sparrow hawks, ma'am."

On the morning of May Day, 1851, the whole of London appeared to have turned up at Hyde Park for the opening of the Great Exhibition. All the way from the City to Hyde Park Corner there was a continuous traffic block. A writer in *Punch* noted that "the proudest equipage of the peer was obliged to fall in behind the humblest fly or the ugliest hansom."

Then, to the accompaniment of tremendous cheers that drowned the welcoming fanfare of trumpets, the royal procession arrived. Gone were all the misgivings that had heralded the first news of the Exhibition. The people now realised that this vast fairy palace, gleaming in the summer sunlight and filled with the finest products that the British workman could fashion, was a national triumph. The Queen herself was radiant at the success that had attended her husband's efforts, and that night she wrote in her diary: "God bless my dearest Albert. God bless my dearest country which has shown itself so great today."

Throughout that summer hundreds of thousands of people filed through the Crystal Palace to see the wonders there on view. The Exhibition was divided into four sections: Raw Materials and Produce, Machinery, Manufactures, and Fine Arts. Never before had such a collection of exhibits been assembled under one roof, and the British people were justifiably proud of the achievement.

Film Folk on a Glacier

BRITISH film actors, cameramen, and other technicians of the Ealing Studios travelled to a glacier in Norway, not long ago, to make scenes for the film, *Scott of the Antarctic*.

Amid ice and snow, in temperatures from 3 to 20 degrees below zero, they acted and filmed the drama of Captain Scott's last dash to the South Pole in 1912—the gallant successful dash which cost the lives of Scott and his companions.

The glacier where the film party made their "shots" was 6000 feet above sea level, and each day they had to climb, for the first part of their journey, up snow-covered roads, their

equipment carried by horses, or dragged on sledges by the men. For the last part of their ascent to the plateau of the glacier their equipment was loaded on three "Weazels," caterpillar vehicles, which had been lent by the Norwegian Army.

To prevent the cameras' mechanism from freezing, electric devices were fitted to them, and the cameramen had to work wearing thick gloves, for the icy metal of the cameras seared their flesh if they touched it with naked fingers.

Thus the filming of one of the grandest and most tragic adventures in history was itself an adventure.

OUR OLYMPIC SWIMMERS

ROY ROMAIN, the young British swimmer who "invented" the new butterfly stroke, has been awarded the T. M. Yeadon Trophy by the Amateur Swimming Association, for the finest performance of the year—winning the European 200 metres breast-stroke championship at Monte Carlo last September.

Roy Romain, a law student at King's College, London, is regarded as the fastest of all British swimmers, and with his

butterfly stroke is considered to hold the best chance of lifting an Olympic swimming title for this country next year.

Britain's representatives for the Olympic Games will be chosen from 55 swimmers and divers already selected by the Amateur Swimming Association; they include the 14-year-old Scots girls, Margaret Girvan and Elinor Gordon, and "veteran," Norman Wainwright, 34-year-old holder of many championships.



THANKS GIRLS AND BOYS

Wouldn't you like to think that you had earned the thanks of some boy or girl whose childhood is not as happy as your own. Some boy or girl whose parents are not as kind as yours? We are sure you would. The best way to help is by joining the League of Pity.

Wear this fine badge and show you are helping to do a great work. Every member who gives 10/- is entitled to it. Why not write to the Director and ask him to send you full details?



Join the L.O.P

Junior Branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2



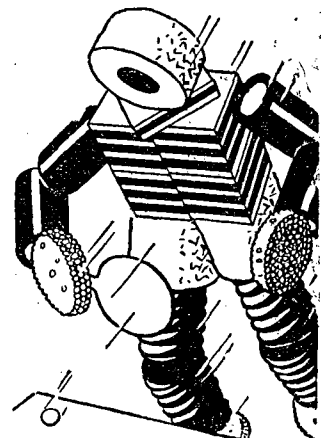
One teaspoonful of 'Pineate' will bring relief! This delicious syrup starts to act immediately as the oils of Pine and Peppermint vaporize, soothing the throat, chest and lungs. The pure Honey relieves soreness and rawness and allays irritation while Squill and Ipecacuanha assist expectoration. Children love 'Pineate' and mothers know that it deals promptly with many a nasty cough. Price 1/11 a bottle.

Pineate Honey Cough-Syrup



Most compact Binoculars. Weigh 7 oz. Crystal clear lenses. Ideal for holidays, sporting events, 45/-. Post, etc., 1/- W.D. model full size Binoculars, case and leather slings, £3 10s., post, etc., 1/-. Very special HEADQUARTER & GENERAL SUPPLIES LTD. (Dept. CN/BIN/7), 196-200 Coldharbour Lane, London, S.E.5. 1 min. from Loughborough Junction, S.W. London.

AT TABLE TENNIS: Bertie's 'sweet' service!



BASSETT'S ORIGINAL liquorice allsorts



He's a Happier baby on Allenburys

Tears at teething-time are not so likely to occur with an Allenburys baby. Allenburys Foods are perfectly balanced to form healthy bones and sound teeth.

Allenburys FOODS

BABY BOOK. Every mother or mother-to-be should send for Book on Baby Care, enclosing 2d. in stamps to Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.C.2.



MADE BY ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

HAVE YOU READ "WILD LIFE" —the new Country Lovers' Magazine?

★ Beautiful Pictures of Wild Birds and Animals.
★ Children's Pets Corner.

★ Winter Number 10d. post free.

WILD LIFE PUBLICATIONS, 58 Maddox Street, London, W.1.

6 lens Achromatic model £5 19s. 6d. in case, etc., post 1/-. Telescopes available. New U.S.A. Waterproof Knee Boots, rubber soles, 2/6, post, etc., 1/-. Gauntlets new waterproof, 5 Pairs 2/6 or 48/- Gross. Post free. Electric Alarm Clocks. A.C. 200-250. Fully guaranteed, 59/6, post, etc., 1/3. Genuine Admiralty Combined Stove Cooker Lantern. 3 in 1. Sher steel portable paraffin burner, 35/-. Carr. etc., 2/6. Food kept hot; brand new genuine Ex-Army Steel Food Container. 32 in. circ., 33 in. deep. Clearance bargain, 5/9. Carr. 1/-. Ex-Railway and Ship Tarpaullins. 70sq. ft. 20/-, 140 sq. ft. £2 10s., 280 sq. ft. £5. Approx. 360 sq. ft. £6. Approx. 720 sq. ft. £12. All waterproof and including carriage. HEADQUARTER & GENERAL SUPPLIES LTD. (Dept. CN/BIN/7), 196-200 Coldharbour Lane, London, S.E.5. 1 min. from Loughborough Junction, S.W. London.

THE BRAN TUB

A LANDMARK

It was the dear old lady's first sea voyage, and she could not find her way back to her cabin.

"Well, can you remember the number of your cabin, madam?" asked a steward of whom she inquired.

"No," was the reply. "But I shall know it when I see it, because there was a lighthouse outside the window."

Mal-de-Mer

THERE was a young man of Dundee

Who on his first voyage to sea,
Said, "I feel rather sick,
But at sea I must stick,
For there's no chance of dry land
for me."

INGENIOUS

A FARMER, who was no mathematician, left a herd of 17 cows to be divided between his three sons as follows: The eldest was to receive a half, the second a third, and the youngest a ninth.

Difficulties arose as to how to divide the herd, but the lawyer was an astute man. He lent them a cow, thus making 18 cows. The eldest son took his half (9), the second his third (6), the youngest his ninth (2). The lawyer took back his cow, and everyone was satisfied.

Jumbled Christmas Joys

WHEN properly rearranged, the letters of each of the following phrases spell the names of six things which bring joy to every child at Christmas time.

LO ARCS MINE TO PAM
PEN RESTS CASUAL TANS
STOLE TIME COG KNITS

Answer next week

BEDTIME CORNER

Christmas ABC

A stands for ANGELS, the Heralds who sang;
B is for BETHLEHEM, whence the News rang;
C stands for CAROLS, so dear to us still;
D is for DAYBREAK that brings such a thrill;
E stands for EVENING, when fun's at its height;
F is for FRIENDS who foregather at night;
G's for GOODWILL which Christmas should spread;
H is for HOLLY, with berries so red;
I stands for INN, near which Jesus was born;
J is for JOY on that first Christmas morn;
K stands for KINDNESS—a virtue so dear;
L is for LOVE that can banish all fear;
M stands for MISTLETOE, sprig of the hour;
N is for NUTS that we crack and devour;
O is for ORANGES, juicy and fine;
P stands for PRESENTS, your Yule gifts and mine;
Q is for QUIPS. What a time it will be!
R is for ROLICKING—fun, fast and free;
S stands for STOCKINGS, on bedposts all set;
T is for TURKEY (not easy to get);
U stands for UNCLE, who always looks in;
V is for VISITS to friends and to kin;
W's for WENCESLAS, King of the Carol;
X is EXCITEMENT at some new apparel;
Y stands for YULE-LOG that warms big and small;
Z is for ZEST. Merry Christmas to all!

A Surprise For Father—and For Jacko



With the aid of a large paper bell Jacko prepared his trap.



Soon after, the door opened slowly—and down came the paper bell.



But instead of Father Christmas it was only Father Jacko!

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

Ivy the Strangler. Among the oaks in the big woods, one tree alone bore a mass of green foliage.

"See how the ivy is strangling its host, Don," remarked Farmer Gray, for several of the tree's branches were obviously dead. "Ivy is not entirely a parasite," continued the farmer. "Its main root stem, which is often quite thick, draws up nourishment from the earth. As its growth increases, however, it robs its host of light and air. Ivy flourishes best where there is not too much light. Its flowers provide honey for insects, and its berries and leaves food and shelter for birds."

A Nursery Rhyme Revised

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He gobbled it quickly; and then
felt so sickly.
He thought he was going to die.

Tongue Twister

SEVEN Severn salmon swallow-
ing shrimps.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Saturn and Mars are in the east, and Venus is low in the south-west. In the morning Saturn and Mars are in the south-west. The picture shows the Moon at 8.30 pm on Friday, December 26.



A CHRISTMAS GAME

A good game for a Christmas party is Alphabets. Each person writes on a piece of paper the letters of the alphabet, except perhaps X, and then against each letter he puts the name of one animal beginning with that letter.

At the end of ten minutes each player reads out his list. Names that appear on two or more lists are crossed off. The winner is the one with the largest number of names that do not appear on any other list.

What is the Word?

THIS indoor game is good to play. It sounds like troops upon their way. A cheque, or else a first essay At writing. Yet they can be ill. And have been known to cause a chill. What is this word? Now test your skill. Answer next week

Children's Hour

BBC Programmes from Wednesday, December 24, to Tuesday, December 30

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 A Christmas Voyage—a play. 5.40 A Service. Scottish, 5.0 The Lamb's Tail—a story; A Nativity Play. North, 5.0 Carthorse Christmas; With Nomad.

THURSDAY, 5.0 A Christmas Party. 5.15 A Children's Party from Germany. Welsh, 5.30 Junior Radio Record.

FRIDAY, 5.0 Bertha of the Big Fleet—a pantomime. Scottish, 5.0 Party Games; The Black Wherry (6). North, 5.0 Wagons for Five (Part 1).

SATURDAY, 5.0 Worzel Gummidge's Christmas Party. Northern Ireland, 5.0 Christmas Crackers; The Fixer—a play; David Curry and his Orchestra; Songs.

SUNDAY, 5.0 Calendar—December.

MONDAY, 5.0 Said the Cat to the Dog (21). 5.25 Gramophone. 5.40 Naws From the Zoo. Welsh, 5.25 The Song of Robin—a story; Music in Manuscript—Piano.

TUESDAY, 5.0 Ballet: Old King Coal. Northern Ireland, 5.0 Forthcoming Programmes: Look at the Stars (6). The Puppet Theatre—a talk; Christmas Quiz between America and Northern Ireland; Forgotten Games for Boys; Young Artists.

FISHY

HE was getting rather bored with the fishing stories told in his club. Finally he butted in. "You know, a friend of mine once caught a fish as big as this club."

"Gosh," exclaimed one of the more credulous members. "I suppose it was a whale."

"No, it was a fish," came the reply. "But a whale was used as bait."

M	A	R	T	A	B	L	E
T	R	E	A	U	D	I	T
E	M	B	A	R	K	T	O
N	A	T	S	U	R	N	
S	T	E	E	P	L	E	
O	P	E	N	E	T	A	N
R	E	S	C	A	N	I	N
B	A	N	A	L	M	O	W
S	K	I	N	L	O	W	S

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Beheading
Swarm (warm, arm)

Who Was He?

THE man in the picture-story on Page 6 was James Nasmyth.

"I b'lieve it's my OXO!"



Bobbie is never missing when it's OXO time! Like so many children, he's always eager for that delicious beefy beverage and mother is happy knowing it does him a power of good



My! OXO!

I'm on my toes now—



thanks to SPRATT'S CONDITION POWDERS

★ Spratt's range of Medicines includes: Condition Powders; Worm Powders and Worm Remedies; Fits Tablets; Yeast Tablets; Stomach Tablets (for Travel Sickness, etc.). Spratt's Toilet Preparations include: Soapless Shampoo; also Dry Cleaning Powder.

★ ONE OF THE RANGE OF
SPRATT'S
DOG MEDICINES

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 41-47, Bow Road, LONDON, E.3